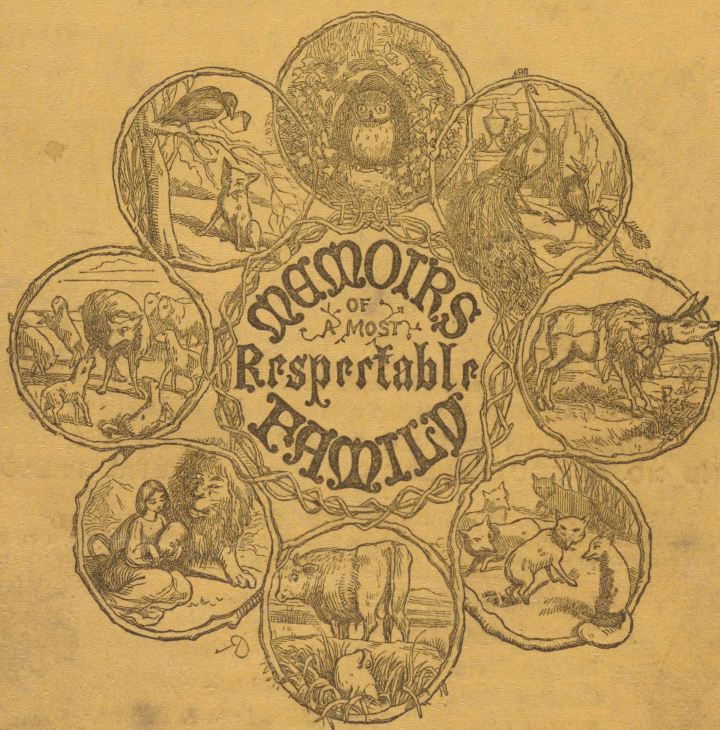


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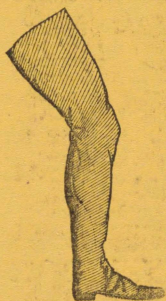
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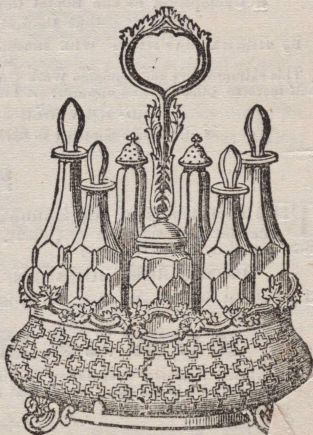
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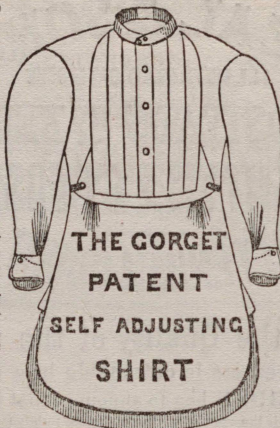
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Newcome versus Newcome.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH THE COLONEL AND THE NEWCOME ATHENÆUM ARE BOTH
LECTURED.



T breakfast with his family, on the morning after the little entertainment to which we were bidden, in the last chapter, Colonel Newcome was full of the projected invasion of Barnes's territories, and delighted to think that there was an opportunity of at last humiliating that rascal.

"Clive does not think he is a rascal at all, papa," cries Rosey, from behind her tea-urn; "that is, you said you thought papa judged him too harshly; you know you did, this morning!" And from her hus-

band's angry glances, she flies to his father's for protection. Those were even fiercer than Clive's. Revenge flashed from beneath Thomas Newcome's grizzled eyebrows, and glanced in the direction where Clive sat. Then the Colonel's face flushed up, and he cast his eyes down towards his tea-cup, which he lifted with a trembling hand. The father and son loved each other so, that each was afraid of the other. A war between two such men is dreadful; pretty little pink-faced Rosey, in a sweet little morning cap and ribbons, her pretty little fingers twinkling with a score of rings, sat simpering before her silver tea-urn, which reflected her pretty little pink baby face. Little artless creature! what did she know of the dreadful wounds which her little words inflicted in the one generous breast and the other?

"My boy's heart is gone from me," thinks poor Thomas Newcome; "our family is insulted, our enterprises ruined, by that traitor, and my son is not even angry! he does not care for the success of our plans—for the honour of our name even; I make him a position of which any young man in England might be proud, and Clive scarcely deigns to accept it."

"My wife appeals to my father," thinks poor Clive; "it is from him

she asks counsel, and not from me. Be it about the ribbon in her cap, or any other transaction in our lives, she takes her colour from his opinion, and goes to him for advice, and I have to wait till it is given, and conform myself to it. If I differ from the dear old father, I wound him; if I yield up my opinion, as I do always, it is with a bad grace, and I wound him still. With the best intentions in the world, what a slave's life it is that he has made for me!"

"How interested you are in your papers," resumes the sprightly Rosey. "What can you find in those horrid politics?" Both gentlemen are looking at their papers with all their might, and no doubt cannot see one single word which those brilliant and witty leading articles contain.

"Clive is like you, Rosey," says the Colonel, laying his paper down, "and does not care for politics."

"He only cares for pictures, papa," says Mrs. Clive. "He would not drive with me yesterday in the park, but spent hours in his room, while you were toiling in the city, poor papa!—spent hours painting a horrid beggar-man dressed up as a monk. And this morning, he got up quite early, quite early, and has been out ever so long, and only came in for breakfast just now! just before the bell rung."

"I like a ride before breakfast," says Clive.

"A ride! I know where you have been, sir! He goes away morning after morning, to that little Mr. Ridley's—his chum, papa, and he comes back with his hands all over horrid paint. He did this morning; you know you did, Clive."

"I did not keep anyone waiting, Rosa," says Clive. "I like to have two or three hours at my painting when I can spare them?" Indeed, the poor fellow used so to run away of summer mornings for Ridley's instructions, and gallop home again, so as to be in time for the family meal.

"Yes," cries Rosey, tossing up the cap and ribbons, "he gets up so early in the morning, that at night he falls asleep after dinner; very pleasant and polite, isn't he, papa?"

"I am up betimes too, my dear," says the Colonel (many and many a time he must have heard Clive as he left the house); I have a great many letters to write, affairs of the greatest importance to examine and conduct. Mr. Betts from the city is often with me for hours before I come down to your breakfast-table. A man who has the affairs of such a great bank as ours to look to, must be up with the lark. We are all early risers in India."

"You dear kind papa!" says little Rosey, with unfeigned admiration; and she puts out one of the plump white little jewelled hands, and pats the lean brown paw of the Colonel which is nearest to her.

"Is Ridley's picture getting on well, Clive?" asks the Colonel, trying to interest himself about Ridley and his picture.

"Very well; it is beautiful; he has sold it for a great price; they must make him an academician next year," replies Clive.

"A most industrious and meritorious young man; he deserves every honour that may happen to him," says the old soldier. "Rosa, my dear, it is time that you should ask Mr. Ridley to dinner, and Mr. Smee, and some of those gentlemen. We will drive this afternoon and see your portrait."

"Clive does not go to sleep after dinner when Mr. Ridley comes here," cries Rosa.

"No; I think it is my turn then," says the Colonel, with a glance of kindness. The anger has disappeared from under his brows; at that moment the menaced battle is postponed.

"And yet I know that it must come," says poor Clive, telling me the story as he hangs on my arm, and we pace through the Park. The Colonel and I are walking on a mine, and that poor little wife of mine is perpetually flinging little shells to fire it. I sometimes wish it were blown up, and I were done for, Pen. I don't think my widow would break her heart about me. No; I have no right to say that; it's a shame to say that; she tries her very best to please me, poor little dear. It's the fault of my temper, perhaps, that she can't. But they neither understand me, don't you see; the Colonel can't help thinking I am a degraded being, because I am fond of painting. Still, dear old boy, he patronises Ridley; a man of genius, whom those sentries ought to salute by Jove, sir, when he passes. Ridley patronised by an old officer of Indian dragoons, a little bit of a Rosey, and a fellow who is not fit to lay his palette for him! I want sometimes to ask J. J.'s pardon, after the Colonel has been talking to him in his confounded condescending way, uttering some awful bosh about the fine arts. Rosey follows him, and trips round J. J.'s studio, and pretends to admire, and says, 'how soft; how sweet;' recalling some of mamma-in-law's dreadful expressions, which make me shudder when I hear them. If my poor old father had a confidant into whose arm he could hook his own, and whom he could pester with his family griefs as I do you, the dear old boy would have his dreary story to tell too. I hate banks, bankers, Bundlecund, indigo, cotton, and the whole business. I go to that confounded board, and never hear one syllable that the fellows are talking about. I sit there because he wishes me to sit there; don't you think he sees that my heart is out of the business; that I would rather be at home in my painting-room? We don't understand each other, but we feel each other as it were by instinct. Each thinks in his own way, but knows what the other is thinking. We fight mute battles, don't you see, and our thoughts, though we don't express them, are perceptible to one another, and come out from our eyes, or pass out from us somehow, and meet, and fight, and strike, and wound."

Of course Clive's confidant saw how sore and unhappy the poor fellow was, and commiserated his fatal but natural condition. The little ills of life are the hardest to bear, as we all very well know. What would the possession of a hundred thousand a-year, or fame,

and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman,—of any glory, and happiness, or good-fortune, avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? All fame and happiness would disappear, and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails. I strove, by such philosophic sedatives as confidants are wont to apply on these occasions, to soothe my poor friend's anger and pain; and I daresay the little nails hurt the patient just as much as before.

Clive pursued his lugubrious talk through the Park, and continued it as far as the modest-furnished house which we then occupied in the Pimlico region. It so happened that the Colonel and Mrs. Clive also called upon us that day, and found this culprit in Laura's drawing-room, when they entered it, descending out of that splendid barouche in which we have already shown Mrs. Clive to the public.

"He has not been here for months before; nor have you Rosa; nor have you, Colonel; though we have smothered our indignation, and been to dine with you, and to call, *ever* so many times!" cries Laura.

The Colonel pleaded his business engagements; Rosa, that little woman of the world, had a thousand calls to make, and who knows how much to do? since she came out. She had been to fetch Papa at Bays's, and the porter had told the Colonel that Mr. Clive and Mr. Pendennis had just left the club together.

"Clive scarcely ever drives with me," says Rosa; "papa almost always does."

"Rosey's is such a swell carriage, that I feel ashamed," says Clive.

"I don't understand you young men. I don't see why you need be ashamed to go on the course with your wife in her carriage, Clive," remarks the Colonel.

"The Course! the Course is at Calcutta, papa!" cries Rosey. *We* drive in the Park."

"We have a park at Barrackpore too, my dear," says Papa.

"And he calls his grooms *saices*! He said he was going to send away a *saice* for being tipsy, and I did not know in the least what he could mean, Laura!"

"Mr. Newcome! you must go and drive on the course with Rosa, now; and the Colonel must sit and talk with me, whom he has not been to see for such a long time." Clive presently went off in state by Rosey's side, and then Laura showed Colonel Newcome his beautiful white Cashmere shawl round a successor of that little person who had first been wrapped in that web, now a stout young gentleman whose noise could be clearly heard in the upper regions.

"I wish you could come down with us, Arthur, upon our electioneering visit."

"That of which you were talking last night? Are you bent upon it?"

"Yes, I am determined on it."

Laura heard a child's cry at this moment, and left the room with a parting glance at her husband, who in fact had talked over the matter with Mrs. Pendennis, and agreed with her in opinion.

As the Colonel had opened the question, I ventured to make a respectful remonstrance against the scheme. Vindictiveness on the part of a man so simple and generous; so fair and noble in all his dealings as Thomas Newcome, appeared in my mind unworthy of him. Surely his kinsman had sorrow and humiliation enough already at home. Barnes's further punishment we thought, might be left to time, to remorse, to the Judge of right and wrong; Who better understands than we can do, our causes and temptations towards evil actions, Who reserves the sentence for His own tribunal. But when angered, the best of us mistake our own motives, as we do those of the enemy who inflames us. What may be private revenge, we take to be indignant virtue, and just revolt against wrong. The Colonel would not hear of counsels of moderation, such as I bore him from a sweet Christian pleader. "Remorse!" he cried out with a laugh, "that villain will never feel it until he is tied up and whipped at the cart's tail! Time change that rogue! Unless he is wholesomely punished, he will grow a greater scoundrel every year. I am inclined to think, sir," says he, his honest brows darkling as he looked towards me, "that you too are spoiled by this wicked world, and these heartless, fashionable, fine people. You wish to live well with the enemy, and with us too, Pendennis. It can't be. He who is not with us is against us. I very much fear sir, that the women, the women, you understand, have been talking you over. Do not let us speak any more about this subject, for I don't wish that my son, and my son's old friend, should have a quarrel." His face became red, his voice quivered with agitation, and he looked with glances which I was pained to behold in those kind old eyes: not because his wrath and suspicion visited myself, but because an impartial witness, nay, a friend to Thomas Newcome in that family quarrel, I grieved to think that a generous heart was led astray, and to see a good man do wrong. So with no more thanks for his interference than a man usually gets who meddles in domestic strifes, the present luckless advocate ceased pleading.

To be sure, the Colonel and Clive had other advisers, who did not take the peaceful side. George Warrington was one of these; he was for war *à l'outrance* with Barnes Newcome; for keeping no terms with such a villain. He found a pleasure in hunting him and whipping him. "Barnes ought to be punished," George said, "for his poor wife's misfortune; it was Barnes's infernal cruelty, wickedness, selfishness, which had driven her into misery and wrong." Mr. Warrington went down to Newcome, and was present at that lecture whereof mention has been made in a preceding chapter. I am afraid his behaviour was very indecorous; he laughed at the pathetic allusions of the respected member for Newcome; he sneered at the sublime passages; he wrote

an awful critique in the "Newcome Independent" two days after, whereof the irony was so subtle, that half the readers of the paper mistook his grave scorn for respect, and his gibes for praise.

Clive, his father, and Frederic Bayham, their faithful aide-de-camp, were at Newcome likewise when Sir Barnes's oration was delivered. At first it was given out at Newcome that the Colonel visited the place for the purpose of seeing his dear old friend and pensioner, Mrs. Mason, who was now not long to enjoy his bounty, and so old, as scarcely to know her benefactor. Only after her sleep, or when the sun warmed her and the old wine with which he supplied her, was the good old woman able to recognise her Colonel. She mingled father and son together in her mind. A lady who now often came in to her, thought she was wandering in her talk, when the poor old woman spoke of a visit she had had from her boy; and then the attendant told Miss Newcome that such a visit had actually taken place, and that but yesterday Clive and his father had been in that room, and occupied the chair where she sat,—“The young lady was taken quite ill, and seemed ready to faint almost,” Mrs. Mason's servant and spokeswoman told Colonel Newcome when that gentleman arrived shortly after Ethel's departure, to see his old nurse. “Indeed! he was very sorry.” The maid told many stories about Miss Newcome's goodness and charity; how she was constantly visiting the poor now; how she was for ever engaged in good works for the young, the sick, and the aged. She had had a dreadful misfortune in love; she was going to be married to a young marquis; richer even than Prince de Moncontour down at Rosebury; but it was all broke off on account of that dreadful affair at the Hall.

“Was she very good to the poor? did she come often to see her grandfather's old friend? it was no more than she ought to do,” Colonel Newcome said; without, however, thinking fit to tell his informant that he had himself met his niece Ethel, five minutes before he had entered Mrs. Mason's door.

The poor thing was in discourse with Mr. Harris, the surgeon, and talking (as best she might, for no doubt the news which she had just heard, had agitated her), talking about blankets, and arrowroot, wine, and medicaments for her poor, when she saw her uncle coming towards her. She tottered a step or two forwards to meet him; held both her hands out, and called his name; but he looked her sternly in the face, took off his hat and bowed, and passed on. He did not think fit to mention the meeting even to his son, Clive; but we may be sure Mr. Harris, the surgeon, spoke of the circumstance that night after the lecture, at the club, where a crowd of gentlemen were gathered together, smoking their cigars, and enjoying themselves according to their custom, and discussing Sir Barnes Newcome's performance.

According to established usage in such cases, our esteemed representative was received by the committee of the Newcome Athenæum, assembled in their committee-room, and thence marshalled by the

chairman and vice-chairman, to his rostrum in the lecture hall, round about which the magnates of the institution, and the notabilities of the town were rallied on this public occasion. The baronet came in some state from his own house, arriving at Newcome in his carriage with four horses, accompanied by My lady, his mother, and Miss Ethel, his beautiful sister, who now was mistress at the Hall. His little girl was brought—five years old now; she sate on her aunt's knee, and slept during a greater part of the performance. A fine bustle, we may be sure, was made on the introduction of these personages to their reserved seats on the platform, where they sate encompassed by others of the great ladies of Newcome, to whom they and the lecturer were especially gracious at this season. Was not Parliament about to be dissolved, and were not the folks at Newcome Park particularly civil at that interesting period? So Barnes Newcome mounts his pulpit, bows round to the crowded assembly in acknowledgment of their buzz of applause or recognition, passes his lily-white pocket handkerchief across his thin lips, and dashes off into his lecture about Mrs. Hemans, and the poetry of the affections. A public man, a commercial man as we well know, yet his heart is in his home, and his joy in his affections; the presence of this immense assembly here this evening; of the industrious capitalists; of the intelligent middle class; of the pride and mainstay of England, the operatives of Newcome; these surrounded by their wives and their children (a graceful bow to the bonnets to the right of the platform), show that they too have hearts to feel, and homes to cherish; that they too, feel the love of women, the innocence of children, the love of song! Our lecturer then makes a distinction between man's poetry, and woman's poetry, charging considerably in favour of the latter. We show that to appeal to the affections is after all the true office of the bard; to decorate the homely threshold, to wreath flowers round the domestic hearth, the delightful duty of the Christian singer. We glance at Mrs. Hemans's biography, and state where she was born, and under what circumstances she must have at first, &c. &c. Is this a correct account of Sir Barnes Newcomes's lecture? I was not present, and did not read the report. Very likely the above may be a reminiscence of that mock lecture which Warrington delivered in anticipation of the baronet's oration.

After he had read for about five minutes, it was remarked the Baronet suddenly stopped and became exceedingly confused over his manuscript; betaking himself to his auxiliary glass of water before he resumed his discourse, which for a long time was languid, low, and disturbed in tone. This period of disturbance, no doubt, must have occurred when Sir Barnes saw before him F. Bayham and Warrington seated in the amphitheatre; and, by the side of those fierce scornful countenances, Clive Newcome's pale face.

Clive Newcome was not looking at Barnes. His eyes were fixed upon the lady seated not far from the lecturer—upon Ethel, with her

arm round her little niece's shoulder, and her thick black ringlets drooping down over a face paler than Clive's own.

Of course she knew that Clive was present. She was aware of him as she entered the Hall; saw him at the very first moment; saw nothing but him I daresay, though her eyes were shut and her head was turned now towards her mother, and now bent down on the little niece's golden curls. And the past and its dear histories, and youth and its hopes and passions, and tones and looks for ever echoing in the heart, and [present in the memory—these, no doubt, poor Clive saw and heard as he looked across the great gulf of time, and parting, and grief, and beheld the woman he had loved for many years. There she sits; the same, but changed: as gone from him as if she were dead; departed indeed into another sphere, and entered into a kind of death. If there is no love more in yonder heart, it is but a corpse unburied. Strew round it the flowers of youth. Wash it with tears of passion. Wrap it and envelop it with fond devotion. Break heart, and fling yourself on the bier, and kiss her cold lips and press her hand! It falls back dead on the cold breast again. The beautiful lips have never a blush or a smile. Cover them and lay them in the ground, and so take thy hat-band off, good friend, and go to thy business. Do you suppose you are the only man who has had to attend such a funeral? You will find some men smiling and at work the day after. Some come to the grave now and again out of the world, and say a brief prayer, and a "God bless her!" With some men, she gone, and her viduous mansion your heart to let, her successor, the new occupant, poking in all the drawers, and corners, and cupboards of the tenement, finds her miniature and some of her dusty old letters hidden away somewhere, and says—Was this the face he admired so? Why, allowing even for the painter's flattery, it is quite ordinary, and the eyes certainly do not look straight. Are these the letters you thought so charming? Well, upon my word, I never read anything more common-place in my life. See, here's a line half blotted out. O, I suppose she was crying then—some of her tears, idle tears. . . . Hark, there is Barnes Newcome's eloquence still plapping on like water from a cistern—and our thoughts, where have they wandered? far away from the lecture—as far away as Clive's almost. And now the fountain ceases to trickle; the mouth from which issued that cool and limpid flux ceases to smile; the figure is seen to bow and retire; a buzz, a hum, a whisper, a scuffle, a meeting of bonnets and wagging of feathers and rustling of silks ensues. Thank you! delightful I am sure! I really was quite overcome; Excellent; So much obliged, are rapid phrases heard amongst the polite on the platform. While down below, yaw! quite enough of *that*. Mary Jane cover your throat up, and don't kitch cold, and don't push *me*, please Sir. Arry! Coom along and av a pint a ale, &c., are the remarks heard, or perhaps not heard, by Clive Newcome, as he watches at the private entrance of the Athenæum, where Sir Barnes's carriage is waiting with its flaming lamps, and domestics in state

liveries. One of them comes out of the building bearing the little girl in his arms, and lays her in the carriage. Then Sir Barnes, and Lady Ann, and the Mayor; then Ethel issues forth, and as she passes under the lamps, beholds Clive's face as pale and sad as her own.

Shall we go visit the lodge-gates of Newcome Park with the moon shining on their carving? Is there any pleasure in walking by miles of grey paling, and endless palisades of firs? O you fool, what do you hope to see behind that curtain? Absurd fugitive, whither would you run? Can you burst the tether of fate: and is not poor dear little Rosey Mackenzie sitting yonder waiting for you by the stake? Go home, Sir; and don't catch cold. So Mr. Clive returns to the King's Arms, and up to his bed room, and he hears Mr. F. Bayham's deep voice as he passes by the Boscawen Room, where the jolly Britons are as usual assembled.

One of them comes out of the building bearing the little girl in his arms, and lays her in the carriage. Then Sir Barnes, and Lady Anne, and the Major, that Isabel loves, and as she passes under the lamp, beholds Oliver's face as pale and sad as her own.

Shall we go visit the lodge-gates of Newcome Park with the reason of thinking on their carrying? Is there any pleasure in walking by miles of grey pebbles and endless grass-lands of this? Of you fool, what do you hope to see behind that curtain? A second lecture, whether would you love? Can you burst the room? A second lecture, whether would you love? Can you burst the room? A second lecture, whether would you love?

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEWCOME AND LIBERTY.



E have said that the Baronet's lecture was discussed in the midnight senate assembled at the King's Arms, where Mr. Tom Potts showed the orator no mercy. The senate of the King's Arms was hostile to Sir Barnes

Newcome. Many other Newcomites besides were savage and inclined to revolt against the representative of their borough. As these patriots met over their cups, and over the bumper of friendship uttered the sentiments of freedom, they had often asked of one another, where should a man be found to rid Newcome of its dictator? Generous hearts writhed under the oppression; patriotic eyes scowled when Barnes Newcome went by: with fine satire, Tom Potts at Brown the hatter's shop, who made the hats for Sir Barnes Newcome's domestics, proposed to take one of the beavers—a gold-laced one with a cockade and a cord—and set it up in the market-place and bid all Newcome come bow to it, as to the hat of Gessler. "Don't you think, Potts," says F. Bayham, who of course was admitted into the King's Arms club, and ornamented that assembly by his presence and discourse, "Don't you think the colonel would make a good William Tell to combat against that Gessler?" Ha! Proposal received with acclamation—eagerly adopted by Charles Tucker, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, who would not have the slightest objection to conduct Colonel

Newcome's, or any other gentleman's, electioneering business in Newcome or elsewhere.

Like those three gentlemen in the plays and pictures of William Tell who conspire under the moon, calling upon liberty and resolving to elect Tell as their especial champion, like Arnold, Melchthal, and Werner, Tom Potts, F. Bayham, and Charles Tucker, Esqs., conspired round a punch-bowl, and determined that Thomas Newcome should be requested to free his country. A deputation from the electors of Newcome, that is to say, these very gentlemen, waited on the Colonel in his apartment the very next morning, and set before him the state of the borough; Barnes Newcome's tyranny, under which it groaned; and the yearning of all honest men to be free from that usurpation. Thomas Newcome received the deputation with great solemnity and politeness, crossed his legs, folded his arms, smoked his cheroot, and listened most decorously, as now Potts, now Tucker, expounded to him; Bayham giving the benefit of his emphatic "hear, hear," to their statements, and explaining dubious phrases to the colonel in the most affable manner.

Whatever the conspirators had to say against poor Barnes, Colonel Newcome was only too ready to believe. He had made up his mind that that criminal ought to be punished and exposed. The lawyer's covert innuendoes, who was ready to insinuate any amount of evil against Barnes which could safely be uttered, were by no means strong enough for Thomas Newcome. "'Sharp practice! exceedingly alive to his own interests—reported violence of temper and tenacity of money—say swindling at once, Sir—say falsehood and rapacity—say cruelty and avarice,'" cries the Colonel—"I believe, upon my honour and conscience, that unfortunate young man to be guilty of every one of those crimes."

Mr. Bayham remarks to Mr. Potts that our friend the Colonel, when he does utter an opinion, takes care that there shall be no mistake about it.

"And I took care there should be no mistake before I uttered it at all, Bayham!" cries F. B.'s patron. "As long as I was in any doubt about this young man, I gave the criminal the benefit of it, as a man who admires our glorious constitution should do, and kept my own counsel, sir."

"At least," remarks Mr. Tucker, "enough is proven to show that Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome Baronet, is scarce a fit person to represent this great borough in parliament!"

"Represent Newcome in parliament! It is a disgrace to that noble institution the English House of Commons, that Barnes Newcome should sit in it. A man whose word you cannot trust; a man stained with every private crime. What right has he to sit in the assembly of the legislators of the land, sir?" cries the Colonel, waving his hand as if addressing a chamber of deputies.

"You are for upholding the House of Commons?" inquires the lawyer.

"Of course, sir, of course."

"And for increasing the franchise, Colonel Newcome, I should hope?" continues Mr. Tucker.

"Every man who can read and write ought to have a vote, sir; that is my opinion!" cries the Colonel.

"He's a liberal to the back bone," says Potts to Tucker.

"To the back bone!" responds Tucker to Potts. "The Colonel will do for us, Potts."

"We want such a man, Tucker; the Independent has been crying out for such a man for years past. We ought to have a liberal as second representative of this great town—not a sneaking half-and-half ministerialist like Sir Barnes, a fellow with one leg in the Carlton and the other in Brookes's. Old Mr. Bunce we can't touch. His place is safe; he is a good man of business: we can't meddle with Mr. Bunce—I know that, who know the feeling of the country pretty well."

"Pretty well! Better than any man in Newcome, Potts!" cries Mr. Tucker.

"But a good man like the Colonel,—a good liberal like the Colonel,—a man who goes in for household suffrage."

"Certainly, gentlemen."

"And the general great liberal principles—we know, of course—such a man would assuredly have a chance against Sir Barnes Newcome at the coming election! could we find such a man! a real friend of the people! I know a friend of the people if ever there was one," F. Bayham interposes.

"A man of wealth, station, experience; a man who has fought for his country; a man who is beloved in this place as *you* are, Colonel Newcome; for your goodness is known, sir—*You* are not ashamed of your origin, and there is not a Newcomite old or young but knows how admirably good you have been to your old friend, Mrs.—Mrs. Whatdyoucallem."

"Mrs. Mason," from F. B.

"Mrs. Mason. If such a man as you, sir, would consent to put himself in nomination at the next election; every true liberal in this place would rush to support you; and crush the oligarch who rides over the liberties of this borough!"

"Something of this sort gentlemen I own to you had crossed my mind," Thomas Newcome remarked. "When I saw that disgrace to my name, and the name of my father's birth-place, representing the borough in parliament, I thought for the credit of the town and the family, the member for Newcome at least might be an honest man. I am an old soldier; have passed all my life in India; and am little conversant with affairs at home (cries of *You are, you are*). I hoped that my son, Mr. Clive Newcome, might have been found qualified to contest this borough against his unworthy cousin, and possibly to sit as your representative in Parliament. The wealth I have had the good fortune to amass will descend to him naturally, and at no very distant period of time, for I am nearly seventy years of age, gentlemen."

The gentlemen are astonished at this statement.

"But," resumed the Colonel; "my son Clive, as friend Bayham knows, and to my own regret and mortification, as I don't care to confess to you, declares he has no interest in politics, or desire for public distinction—prefers his own pursuits—and even these I fear do not absorb him—declines the offer which I made him, to present himself in opposition to Sir Barnes Newcome. It becomes men in a certain station, as I think, to assert that station; and though a few years back I never should have thought of public life at all, and proposed to end my days in quiet as a retired dragoon officer, since—since it has pleased heaven to increase very greatly my pecuniary means, to place me as a director and manager of an important banking-company, in a station of great public responsibility, I and my brother directors have thought it but right that one of us should sit in parliament, if possible, and I am not a man to shirk from that or from any other duty."

"Colonel, will you attend a meeting of electors which we will call, and say as much to them and as well?" cries Mr. Potts. "Shall I put an announcement in my paper to the effect that you are ready to come forward?"

"I am prepared to do so, my good sir."

And presently this solemn palaver ended.

Besides the critical article upon the baronet's lecture, of which Mr. Warrington was the author, there appeared in the leading columns of the ensuing number of Mr. Potts's Independent, some remarks of a very smashing or hostile nature, against the member for Newcome. "This gentleman has shown such talent in the lecturing business," the Independent said, "that it is a great pity he should not withdraw himself from politics, and cultivate what all Newcome knows are the arts which he understands best; namely, poetry and the domestic affections. The performance of our talented representative last night was so pathetic as to bring tears into the eyes of several of our fair friends. We have heard but never believed until now that Sir Barnes Newcome possessed such a genius *for making women cry*. Last week we had the talented Miss Noakes from Slowcome, reading Milton to us; how far superior was the eloquence of Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome Bart., even to that of the celebrated actress! Bets were freely offered in the room last night that Sir Barnes would *beat any woman*. Bets, which were not taken as we scarcely need say, so well do our citizens appreciate the character of our excellent, our admirable representative. Let the Baronet stick to his lectures, and let Newcome relieve him of his political occupations. He is not fit for them, he is too sentimental a man for us; the men of Newcome want a sound practical person; the liberals of Newcome have a desire to be represented. When we elected Sir Barnes, he talked liberally enough, and we thought he would do, but you see the honourable Baronet is so poetical! we ought to have known that and not to have believed him. Let us have a straight forward gentleman. If not a man of words, at

least let us have a practical man. If not a man of eloquence, one at any rate whose word we can trust, and we can't trust Sir Barnes Newcome's; we have tried him and we can't really. Last night when the ladies were crying, we could not for the souls of us help laughing. We hope we know how to conduct ourselves as gentlemen. We trust we did not interrupt the harmony of the evening, but Sir Barnes Newcome, prating about children and virtue, and affection and poetry, this is really too strong.

"The Independent faithful to its name, and ever actuated by principles of honour, has been, as our thousands of readers know, disposed to give Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., a fair trial. When he came forward after his father's death, we believed in his pledges and promises, as a retrencher and reformer, and we stuck by him. Is there any man in Newcome, except, perhaps, our twaddling old cotemporary the Sentinel, who believes in Sir B. N. any more? We say no, and we now give the readers of the Independent, and the electors of this borough fair notice, that when the dissolution of Parliament takes place, a good man, a true man, a man of experience, no dangerous radical, or brawling tap orator—Mr. Hicks' friends well understand whom we mean—but a gentleman of liberal principles, well-won wealth, and deserved station and honour, will ask the electors of Newcome whether they are or are not discontented with their present unworthy member. The Independent for one, says, we know good men of your family, we know in it men who would do honour to any name; but you, Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., we trust no more."

In the electioneering matter, which had occasioned my unlucky interference, and that subsequent little coolness upon the good Colonel's part, Clive Newcome had himself shown that the scheme was not to his liking; had then submitted as his custom was: and doing so with a bad grace, as also was to be expected, had got little thanks for his obedience. Thomas Newcome was hurt at his son's faint-heartedness, and of course little Rosey was displeased at his hanging back. He set off in his father's train a silent unwilling partisan. Thomas Newcome had the leisure to survey Clive's glum face opposite to him during the whole of their journey, and to chew his mustachios, and brood upon his wrath and wrongs. His life had been a sacrifice for that boy! What darling schemes had he not formed in his behalf, and how superciliously did Clive meet his projects! The Colonel could not see the harm of which he had himself been the author. Had he not done everything in mortal's power for his son's happiness, and how many young men in England were there with such advantages as this moody discontented spoiled boy? As Clive backed out of the contest, of course his father urged it only the more vehemently. Clive slunk away from committees and canvassing, and lounged about the Newcome manufactories, whilst his father with anger and bitterness in his

heart, remained at the post of honour, as he called it, bent upon overcoming his enemy and carrying his point against Barnes Newcome. "If Paris will not fight, sir," the Colonel said, with a sad look following his son, "Priam must." Good old Priam believed his cause to be a perfectly just one, and that duty and his honour called upon him to draw the sword. So there was difference between Thomas Newcome and Clive his son. I protest it is with pain and reluctance I have to write, that the good old man was in error—that there was a wrong-doer, and that Atticus was he.

Atticus be it remembered, thought himself compelled by the very best motives. Thomas Newcome, the Indian banker, was at war with Barnes, the English banker. The latter had commenced the hostilities, by a sudden and cowardly act of treason. There were private wrongs, to envenom the contest, but it was the mercantile quarrel, on which the Colonel chose to set his declaration of war. Barnes' first dastardly blow had occasioned it, and his uncle was determined to carry it through. This I have said was also George Warrington's judgment, who in the ensuing struggle between Sir Barnes and his uncle, acted as a very warm and efficient partisan of the latter. "Kinsmanship!" says George, "what has old Tom Newcome ever had from his kinsman but cowardice and treachery? If Barnes had held up his finger the young one might have been happy; if he could have effected it, the Colonel and his bank would have been ruined. I am for war, and for seeing the old boy in parliament. He knows no more about politics than I do about dancing the polka; but there are five hundred wiseacres in that assembly who know no more than he does, and an honest man taking his seat there, in place of a confounded little rogue, at least makes a change for the better."

I dare say, Thomas Newcome Esq. would by no means have concurred, in the above estimate of his political knowledge, and thought himself as well informed as another. He used to speak with the greatest gravity about our constitution as the pride and envy of the world, though he surprised you as much by the latitudinarian reforms, which he was eager to press forward, as by the most singular old Tory opinions which he advocated on other occasions. He was for having every man to vote; every poor man to labour short time and get high wages; every poor curate to be paid double or treble; every bishop to be docked of his salary, and dismissed from the House of Lords. But he was a staunch admirer of that assembly, and a supporter of the rights of the crown. He was for sweeping off taxes from the poor, and as money must be raised to carry on government, he opined that the rich should pay. He uttered all these opinions with the greatest gravity and emphasis, before a large assembly of electors and others convened in the Newcome Town Hall, amid the roars of applause of the non-electors, and the bewilderment and consternation of Mr. Potts, of the "Independent," who had represented the Colonel in his paper, as a safe and steady reformer. Of course the "Sentinel," showed him up

as a most dangerous radical, a seapoy republican, and so forth, to the wrath and indignation of Colonel Newcome. He a republican, he scorned the name! He would die as he had bled many a time for his sovereign. He an enemy of our beloved church! He esteemed and honoured it, as he hated and abhorred the superstitions of Rome. (Yells, from the Irish in the crowd.) He an enemy of the House of Lords! He held it to be the safeguard of the constitution and the legitimate prize of our most illustrious, naval, military, and—and—legal heroes, (ironical cheers.) He repelled with scorn the dastard attacks of the Journal which had assailed him; he asked, laying his hands on his heart, if as a gentleman, an officer bearing her Majesty's commission, he could be guilty of a desire to subvert her empire and to insult the dignity of her crown?

After this second speech at the Town Hall, it was asserted by a considerable party in Newcome, that Old Tom (as the mob familiarly called him) was a Tory, while an equal number averred that he was a Radical. Mr. Potts tried to reconcile his statements, a work in which I should think the talented editor of the "Independent" had no little difficulty. "He knows nothing about it," poor Clive said with a sigh; "his politics are all sentiment and kindness, he will have the poor man paid double wages, and does not remember that the employer would be ruined: you have heard him, Pen, talking in this way at his own table, but when he comes out armed *cap-à-pied*, and careers against windmills in public, don't you see that as Don Quixote's son I had rather the dear brave old gentleman was at home?"

So this *fainéant* took but little part in the electioneering doings, holding moodily aloof from the meetings, and councils, and public houses, where his father's partisans were assembled.

CHAPTER XXX.

A LETTER AND A RECONCILIATION.

Miss Ethel Newcome to Mrs. Pendennis.



DEAREST LAURA. — I have not written to you for many weeks past. There have been some things too trivial, and some too sad, to write about; some things I know I shall write of if I begin, and yet that I know I had best leave; for of what good is looking to the past now? Why vex you or myself by reverting to it? Does not every day bring its own duty and task, and are these not enough to occupy one? What a fright you must have had with my little god-daughter! Thank heaven she is well now, and restored to you. You

and your husband I know do not think it essential, but I do, *most essential*, and am very grateful that she was taken to church before her illness.

“Is Mr. Pendennis proceeding with his canvass? I try and avoid a certain subject, but it *will* come. You know who is canvassing against us here. My poor uncle has met with very considerable success amongst the lower classes. He makes them rambling speeches at which my brother and his friends laugh, but which the people applaud. I saw him only yesterday, on the balcony of the King’s Arms, speaking to a great mob, who were cheering vociferously below. I had met him before. He would not even stop and give his Ethel of old days his hand. I would have given him I don’t know what, for one kiss, for one kind word; but he passed on and would not answer me. He thinks me—what the world thinks me, worldly and heartless; what I *was*. But at least, dear Laura, you know that I always truly loved him, and do now, although he is our enemy, though he believes and utters the most cruel things against Barnes, though he says that Barnes Newcome, my father’s son, my brother, Laura, is not an honest man. Hard, selfish, worldly, I own my poor brother to be, and pray heaven

to amend him ; but dishonest ! and to be so maligned by the person one loves best in the world ! This is a hard trial. I pray a proud heart may be bettered by it.

“ And I have seen my cousin ; once at a lecture which poor Barnes gave, and who seemed very much disturbed on perceiving Clive ; once afterwards at good old Mrs. Mason’s, whom I have always continued to visit for uncle’s sake. The poor old woman, whose wits are very nearly gone, held both our hands, and asked when we were going to be married ? and laughed, poor old thing ! I cried out to her that Mr. Clive had a wife at home, a dear young wife, I said. He gave a dreadful sort of laugh, and turned away into the window. He looks terribly ill, pale, and oldened.

“ I asked him a great deal about his wife, whom I remember a very pretty, sweet-looking girl indeed, at my aunt Hobson’s, but with a not agreeable mother as I thought then. He answered me by monosyllables, appeared as though he would speak, and then became silent. I am pained, and yet glad that I saw him. I said, not very distinctly I daresay, that I hoped the difference between Barnes and uncle would not extinguish his regard for mamma and me, who have always loved him ; when I said loved him, he gave one of his bitter laughs again ; and so he did when I said I hoped his wife was well. You never would tell me much about Mrs. Newcome ; and I fear she does not make my cousin happy. And yet this marriage was of my uncle’s making : another of the unfortunate marriages in our family. I am glad that I paused in time, before the commission of that sin ; I strive my best, and to amend my temper, my inexperience, my short-comings, and try to be the mother of my poor brother’s children. But Barnes has never forgiven me my refusal of Lord Farintosh. He is of the world still, Laura. Nor must we deal too harshly with people of his nature, who cannot perhaps comprehend a world beyond. I remember in old days, when we were travelling on the Rhine, in the happiest days of my whole life, I used to hear Clive, and his friend Mr. Ridley, talk of art and of nature in a way that I could not understand at first, but came to comprehend better as my cousin taught me ; and since then, I see pictures, and landscapes, and flowers, with quite different eyes, and beautiful secrets as it were, of which I had no idea before. The secret of all secrets, the secret of the other life, and the better world beyond ours, may not this be unrevealed to some ? I pray for them all, dearest Laura, for those nearest and dearest to me, that the truth may lighten their darkness, and heaven’s great mercy defend them in the perils and dangers of their night.

“ My boy at Sandhurst has done very well indeed ; and Egbert, I am happy to say, thinks of taking orders ; he has been very moderate at College. Not so Alfred ; but the Guards are a sadly dangerous school for a young man ; I have promised to pay his debts, and he is to exchange into the line. Mamma is coming to us at Christmas with Alice ; my sister is very pretty indeed, I think, and I am

rejoiced she is to marry young Mr. Mumford, who has a tolerable living, and who has been attached to her ever since he was a boy at Rugby school.

"Little Barnes comes on bravely with his Latin; and Mr. Whitestock, *a most excellent and valuable* person in this place, where there is so much Romanism and Dissent, speaks highly of him. Little Clara is so like her unhappy mother in a thousand ways and actions, that I am shocked often; and see my brother starting back and turning his head away, as if suddenly wounded. I have heard the most deplorable accounts of Lord and Lady Highgate. O, dearest friend and sister!—save you, I think I scarce know any one that is happy in the world: I trust you may continue so—you who impart your goodness and kindness to all who come near you—you in whose sweet serene happiness, I am thankful to be allowed to repose sometimes. You are the island in the desert, Laura! and the birds sing there, and the fountain flows; and we come and repose by you for a little while, and to-morrow the march begins again, and the toil, and the struggle, and the desert. Good-bye, fountain! Whisper kisses to my dearest little ones for their affectionate,

"AUNT ETHEL.

"A friend of his, a Mr. Warrington, has spoken against us several times with extraordinary ability as Barnes owns. Do you know Mr. W.? He wrote a dreadful article in the Independent, about the last poor lecture, which was indeed sad, sentimental, common-place: and the critique is terribly comical. I could not help laughing, remembering some passages in it, when Barnes mentioned it: and my brother became so angry! They have put up a dreadful caricature of B. in Newcome: and my brother says he did it, but I hope not. It is very droll though: he used to make them very funnily. I am glad he has spirits for it. Good bye, again.—E. N."

"He says he did it!" cries Mr. Pendennis, laying the letter down. "Barnes Newcome would scarcely caricature himself, my dear!"

"He often means—means Clive—I think," says Mrs. Pendennis, in an off-hand manner.

"O! he means Clive, does he, Laura?"

"Yes—and you mean goose, Mr. Pendennis!" that saucy lady replies.

It must have been about the very time when this letter was written, that a critical conversation occurred between Clive and his father, of which the lad did not inform me until much later days; as was the case—the reader has been more than once begged to believe—with many other portions of this biography.

One night the Colonel having come home from a round of electioneering visits, not half-satisfied with himself; exceedingly annoyed (much more than he cared to own) with the impudence of some rude fellows at the public-houses, who had interrupted his fine speeches with odious hiccups and familiar jeers, was seated brooding over his cheroot

by his chimney-fire ; friend F. B. (of whose companionship his patron was occasionally tired) finding much better amusement with the Jolly Britons, in the Boscawen Rooms below. The Colonel, as an electioneering business, had made his appearance in the Club. But that ancient Roman warrior had frightened those simple Britons. His manners were too awful for them : so were Clive's, who visited them also under Mr. Pott's introduction ; but the two gentlemen—each being full of care and personal annoyance at the time, acted like wet-blankets upon the Britons—whereas F. B. warmed them and cheered them, affably partook of their meals with them, and graciously shared their cups. So the Colonel was alone, listening to the far-off roar of the Britons' chorusses by an expiring fire, as he sate by a glass of cold negus, and the ashes of his cigar.

I dare say he may have been thinking that his fire was well nigh out, his cup at the dregs, his pipe little more now than dust and ashes—when Clive, candle in hand, came into their sitting-room.

As each saw the other's face, it was so very sad and worn and pale, that the young man started back ; and the elder, with quite the tenderness of old days, cried " God bless me, my boy, how ill you look ! Come and warm yourself—look, the fire's out ! Have something, Clivy ! "

For months past they had not had a really kind word. The tender old voice smote upon Clive, and he burst into sudden tears. They rained upon his father's trembling old brown hand as he stooped down and kissed it.

" You look very ill too, father," says Clive.

" Ill ? not I ! " cries the father still keeping the boy's hand under both his own on the mantel-piece. " Such a battered old fellow as I am, has a right to look the worse for wear ; but you, boy, why do *you* look so pale ? "

" I have seen a ghost father," Clive answered. Thomas, however, looked alarmed and inquisitive as though the boy was wandering in his mind.

" The ghost of my youth, father, the ghost of my happiness, and the best days of my life," groaned out the young man. " I saw Ethel to day. I went to see Sarah Mason, and she was there."

" I had seen her, but I did not speak of her," said the father ? " I thought it was best not to mention her to you, my poor boy. And are—are, you fond of her still ? Clive ! "

" Still ! once means always in these things, father, doesn't it. Once means to day and yesterday, and for ever and ever."

" Nay my boy, you mustn't talk to me so, or even to yourself so. You have the dearest little wife at home, a dear little wife and child."

" You had a son, and have been kind enough to him, God knows. You had a wife : but that doesn't prevent other—other thoughts. Do you know you never spoke twice in your life about my mother ? You didn't care for her."

"I—I, did my duty by her; I denied her nothing. I scarcely ever had a word with her, and I did my best to make her happy." interposed the Colonel.

"I know, but your heart was with the other. So is mine. It's fatal, it runs in the family," father.

The boy looked so ineffably wretched, that the father's heart melted still more. "I did my best Clive," the Colonel gasped out. "I went to that villain Barnes and offered him to settle every shilling I was worth on you—I did—you didn't know that—I'd kill myself for your sake, Clive. What's an old fellow worth living for? I can live upon a crust and a cigar. I don't care about a carriage, and only go in it to please Rosey. I wanted to give up all for you, but he played me false, that scoundrel cheated us both; he did, and so did Ethel."

"No, sir, I may have thought so in my rage once, but I know better now. She was the victim and not the agent. Did Madame de Florac play *you* false when she married her husband? It was her fate, and she underwent it. We all bow to it, we are in the track and the car passes over us. You know it does, father." The Colonel was a fatalist: he had often advanced this oriental creed in his simple discourses with his son and Clive's friends.

"Besides," Clive went on, "Ethel does not care for me. She received me to-day quite coldly, and held her hand out as if we had only parted last year. I suppose she likes that marquis who jilted her—God bless her. How shall we know what wins the hearts of women? She has mine. There was my Fate. Praise be to Allah! It is over."

"But there's that villain who injured you. His isn't over yet," cried the Colonel, clenching his trembling hand.

"Ah, father! Let us leave him to Allah too! Suppose Madame de Florac had a brother who insulted you. You know you wouldn't have avenged yourself. You would have wounded her in striking him."

"You called out Barnes yourself, boy," cried the father.

"That was for another cause, and not for my quarrel. And how do you know I intended to fire? By Jove, I was so miserable then that an ounce of lead would have done me little harm."

The father saw the son's mind more clearly than he had ever done hitherto. They had scarcely ever talked upon that subject, which the Colonel found was so deeply fixed in Clive's heart. He thought of his own early days, and how he had suffered, and beheld his son before him racked with the same cruel pangs of enduring grief. And he began to own that he had pressed him too hastily in his marriage; and to make an allowance for an unhappiness of which he had in part been the cause.

"Mashallah! Clive, my boy," said the old man, "What is done is done."

"Let us break up our camp before this place, and not go to war with Barnes, father," said Clive. "Let us have peace—and forgive him if we can."

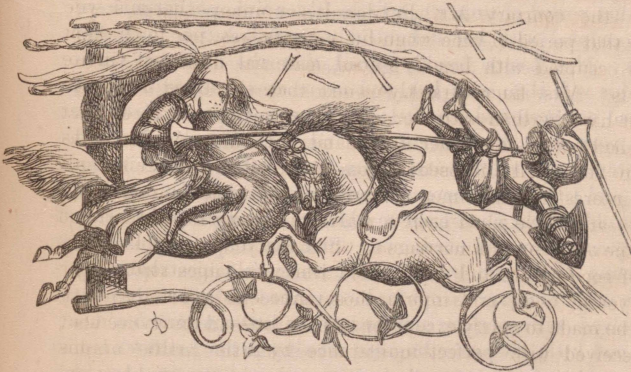
"And retreat before this scoundrel? Clive."

"What is a victory over such a fellow? One gives a chimney-sweep the wall, father."

"I say again—What is done is done. I have promised to meet him at the hustings, and I will. I think it is best: and you are right: and you act like a high-minded gentleman—and my dear, dear old boy—not to meddle in the quarrel—though I didn't think so—and the difference gave me a great deal of pain—and so did what Pendennis said—and I'm wrong—and thank God I am wrong—and God bless you, my own boy," the Colonel cried out in a burst of emotion—and the two went to their bed-rooms together, and were happier as they shook hands at the doors of their adjoining chambers than they had been for many a long day and year.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ELECTION.



AVING thus given his challenge, reconnoitered the enemy, and pledged himself to do battle at the ensuing election, our Colonel took leave of the Town of Newcome,

and returned to his banking affairs in London. His departure was as that of a great public personage; the gentlemen of the Committee followed him obsequiously down to the train. "Quick," bawls out Mr. Potts to Mr. Brown, the station-master, "Quick, Mr. Brown, a carriage for Colonel Newcome!" Half-a-dozen hats are taken off as he enters into the carriage, F. Bayham and his servant after him, with portfolios, umbrellas, shawls, despatch-boxes. Clive was not there to act as his father's aide-de-camp. After their conversation together, the young man had returned to Mrs. Clive and his other duties in life.

It has been said that Mr. Pendennis was in the country, engaged in a pursuit exactly similar to that which occupied Colonel Newcome. The menaced dissolution of parliament did not take place so soon as we expected. The ministry still hung together, and by consequence, Sir Barnes Newcome kept the seat in the House of Commons, from which his elder kinsman was eager to oust him. Away from London, and having but few correspondents, save on affairs of business, I heard little of Clive and the Colonel, save an occasional puff of one of Colonel Newcome's entertainments in the "Pall Mall Gazette," to which journal F. Bayham still condescended to contribute; and a satisfactory announcement in a certain part of that paper, that on such a day, in Hyde Park Gardens, Mrs. Clive Newcome had presented her husband

with a son. Clive wrote to me presently, to inform me of the circumstance, stating at the same time, with but moderate gratification on his own part, that the Campaigner, Mrs. Newcome's mamma, had upon this second occasion, made a second lodgment in her daughter's house and bed-chamber, and showed herself affably disposed to forget the little unpleasantries which had clouded over the sunshine of her former visit.

Laura with a smile of some humour, said she thought now would be the time when if Clive could be spared from his bank, he might pay us that visit at Fair Oaks which had been due so long, and hinted that change of air and a temporary absence from Mrs. M'Kenzie, might be agreeable to my old friend.

It was on the contrary Mr. Pendennis's opinion that his wife artfully chose that period of time when little Rosey was, per force, kept at home and occupied with her delightful maternal duties to invite Clive to see us. Mrs. Laura frankly owned that she liked our Clive better without his wife than with her, and never ceased to regret that pretty Rosey had not bestowed her little hand upon Captain Hoby, as she had been very well disposed at one time to do. Against all marriages of interest this sentimental Laura never failed to utter indignant protests; and Clive's had been a marriage of interest, a marriage made up by the old people, a marriage to which the young man had only yielded out of good-nature and obedience. She would apostrophise her unconscious young ones, and inform those innocent babies that *they* should never be made to marry except for love, never—an announcement which was received with perfect indifference by little Arthur on his rocking-horse, and little Helen smiling and crowing in her mother's lap.

So Clive came down to us careworn in appearance, but very pleased and happy, he said, to stay for a while with the friends of his youth. We showed him our modest rural lions; we got him such sport and company as our quiet neighbourhood afforded, we gave him fishing in the Brawl, and Laura in her pony-chaise drove him to Baymouth, and to Clavering Park, and town, and to visit the famous cathedral at Chatteris, where she was pleased to recount certain incidents of her husband's youth.

Clive laughed at my wife's stories, he pleased himself in our home; he played with our children with whom he became a great favourite; he was happier he told me with a sigh than he had been for many a day. His gentle hostess echoed the sigh of the poor young fellow. She was sure that his pleasure was only transitory, and was convinced that many deep cares weighed upon his mind.

Ere long my old school-fellow made me sundry confessions, which showed that Laura's surmises were correct. About his domestic affairs he did not treat much, the little boy was said to be a very fine little boy, the ladies had taken entire possession of him. "I can't stand Mrs. M'Kenzie any longer, I own," says Clive; "but how resist a wife at such a moment? Rosa was sure she would die, unless her mother came to her, and of course we invited Mrs. Mac. This time she is all smiles and politeness with the Colonel: the last quarrel is laid upon

me, and in so far I am easy, as the old folks get on pretty well together. To me, considering these things, it was clear that Mr. Clive Newcome was but a very secondary personage indeed in his father's new fine house which he inhabited, and in which the poor Colonel had hoped they were to live such a happy family.

But it was about Clive Newcome's pecuniary affairs that I felt the most disquiet when he came to explain these to me. The Colonel's capital and that considerable sum which Mrs. Clive had inherited from her good old uncle, were all involved in a common stock, of which Colonel Newcome took the management. "The governor understands business so well you see," says Clive, "is a most remarkable head for accounts, he must have inherited that from my grandfather, you know, who made his own fortune: all the Newcomes are good at accounts except me, a poor useless devil who knows nothing but to paint a picture, and who can't even do that. He cuts off the head of a thistle as he speaks, bites his tawny mustachios, plunges his hands into his pockets and his soul into reverie."

"You don't mean to say?" asks Mr. Pendennis, "that your wife's fortune has not been settled upon herself?"

"Of course it has been settled upon herself, that is, it is entirely her own—you know the Colonel has managed all the business, he understands it better than we do."

"Do you say that your wife's money is not vested in the hands of trustees, and for her benefit?"

"My father is one of the trustees. I tell you he manages the whole thing. What is his property is mine and ever has been: and I might draw upon him as much as I liked: and you know it's five times as great as my wife's. What is his is ours, and what is ours is his, of course; for instance, the India Stock, which poor Uncle James left, that now stands in the Colonel's name. He wants to be a Director: he will be at the next election—he must have a certain quantity of India Stock, don't you see?"

"My dear fellow, is there then no settlement made upon your wife at all?"

"You needn't look so frightened," says Clive. "I made a settlement on her: with all my worldly goods I did her endow—three thousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds six and eight pence, which my father sent over from India to my uncle, years ago, when I came home."

I might well indeed be aghast at this news, and had yet further intelligence from Clive, which by no means contributed to lessen my anxiety. This worthy old Colonel, who fancied himself to be so clever a man of business, chose to conduct it in utter ignorance and defiance of law. If anything happened to the Bundlecund Bank it was clear that not only every shilling of his own property but every farthing bequeathed to Rosa Mackenzie would be lost, only his retiring pension, which was luckily considerable, and the hundred pounds a year which Clive had settled on his wife, would be saved out of the ruin.

And now Clive confided to me his own serious doubts and misgivings regarding the prosperity of the Bank itself. He did not know why, but he could not help fancying that things were going wrong. Those partners who had come home, having sold out of the Bank, and living in England so splendidly, why had they quitted it? The Colonel said it was a proof of the prosperity of the company, that so many gentlemen were enriched who had taken shares in it. "But when I asked my father," Clive continued, "Why he did not himself withdraw? the dear old boy's countenance fell: he told me such things were not to be done every day; and ended, as usual, by saying that I do not understand anything about business. No more I do: that is the truth. I hate the whole concern, Pen! I hate that great tawdry house in which we live; and those fearfully stupid parties:—O, how I wish we were back in Fitzroy Square! But who can recall bygones, Arthur; or wrong steps in life? We must make the best of to-day, and to-morrow must take care of itself. 'Poor little child!' I could not help thinking, as I took it crying in my arms the other day, 'What has life in store for you, my poor weeping baby?' My mother-in-law cried out that I should drop the baby, and that only the Colonel knew how to hold it. My wife called from her bed: the nurse dashed up and scolded me; and they drove me out of the room amongst them. By Jove, Pen, I laugh when some of my friends congratulate me on my good fortune! I am not quite the father of my own child, nor the husband of my own wife, nor even the master of my own easel. I am managed for, don't you see! boarded, lodged, and done for. And here is the man they call happy? Happy! O!!! why had I not your strength of mind; and why did I ever leave my art, my mistress?"

And herewith the poor lad fell to chopping thistles again; and quitted Fair Oaks shortly, leaving his friends there very much disquieted about his prospects, actual and future.

The expected dissolution of Parliament came at length. All the country papers in England teemed with electioneering addresses; and the country was in a flutter with parti-coloured ribbons. Colonel Thomas Newcome, pursuant to his promise, offered himself to the independent electors of Newcome in the liberal journal of the family town, whilst Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., addressed himself to his old and tried friends, and called upon the friends of the constitution to rally round him in the conservative print. The addresses of our friend were sent to us at Fair Oaks by the Colonel's indefatigable aide-de-camp, Mr. Frederic Bayham. During the period which had elapsed since the Colonel's last canvassing visit, and the issuing of the writs now daily expected for the new Parliament; many things of great importance had occurred in Thomas Newcome's family—events which were kept secret from his biographer, who was, at this period also, pretty entirely occupied with his own affairs. These, however, are not the present subject of this history, which has Newcome for its business, and the parties engaged in the family quarrel there.

There were four candidates in the field for the representation of that

borough. That old and tried member of Parliament, Mr. Bunce, was considered to be secure: and the Baronet's seat was thought to be pretty safe on account of his influence in the place. Nevertheless, Thomas Newcome's supporters were confident for their champion, and that when the parties came to the poll, the extreme liberals of the borough would divide their votes between him and the fourth candidate, the uncompromising Radical, Mr. Barker.

In due time the Colonel and his staff arrived at Newcome, and resumed the active canvass which they had commenced some months previously. Clive was not in his father's suite this time, nor Mr. Warrington, whose engagements took him elsewhere. The lawyer, the editor of the Independent, and F. B., were the Colonels chief men. His head-quarters (which F. B. liked very well), were at the hotel where we last saw him, and whence issuing with his aide-de-camp at his heels, the Colonel went round, to canvass personally, according to his promise, every free and independent elector of the Borough. Barnes too was canvassing eagerly on his side, and was most affable and active; the two parties would often meet nose to nose in the same street, and their retainers exchange looks of defiance. With Mr. Potts of the Independent a big man, on his left; with Mr. Frederick, a still bigger man, on his right; his own trusty bamboo cane in his hand, before which poor Barnes had shrunk abashed ere now, Colonel Newcome had commonly the best of these street encounters, and frowned his nephew, Barnes, and Barnes's staff off the pavement. With the non-electors, the Colonel was a decided favourite; the boys invariably hurried him; whereas they jeered and uttered ironical cries after poor Barnes, asking, "Who beat his wife? Who drove his children to the workhouse?" and other unkind personal questions. The man upon whom the libertine Barnes had inflicted so cruel an injury in his early days, was now the baronet's bitterest enemy. He assailed him with curses and threats when they met, and leagued his brother workmen against him. The wretched Sir Barnes owned with contrition, that the sins of his youth pursued him: his enemy scoffed at the idea of Barnes's repentance; he was not moved at the grief, the punishment in his own family; the humiliation and remorse which the repentant prodigal piteously pleaded. No man was louder in his cries of *mea culpa* than Barnes: no man professed a more edifying repentance. He was hat in hand to every black coat, established, or dissenting. Repentance was to his interest, to be sure, but yet let us hope it was sincere. There is some hypocrisy, of which one does not like even to entertain the thought; especially that awful falsehood which trades with divine truth, and takes the name of heaven in vain.

The Roebuck Inn, at Newcome, stands in the market-place directly facing the King's Arms, where as we know, Colonel Newcome, and uncompromising toleration held their head quarters. Immense banners of blue and yellow floated from every window of the King's Arms, and decorated the balcony from which the Colonel and the assistants were in the habit of addressing the multitude. Fiddlers and trumpeters

arrayed in his colours paraded the town and enlivened it with their melodious strains. Other trumpeters and fiddlers bearing the true blue cockades and colours of Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., would encounter the Colonel's musicians, on which occasions of meeting it is to be feared small harmony was produced. They banged each other with their brazen instruments. The warlike drummers thumped each other's heads in lieu of the professional sheepskin. The town-boys and street blackguards rejoiced in these combats, and exhibited their valour on one side or the other. The Colonel had to pay a long bill for broken brass when he settled the little accounts of the election.

In after times, F. B. was pleased to describe the circumstances of a contest in which he bore a most distinguished part. It was F. B.'s opinion that his private eloquence brought over many waverers to the Colonel's side, and converted numbers of the benighted followers of Sir Barnes Newcome. Bayham's voice was indeed magnificent, and could be heard from the King's Arm's balcony above the shout and roar of the multitude, the gongs and bugles of the opposition bands. He was untiring in his oratory—undaunted in the presence of the crowds below. He was immensely popular, F. B. Whether he laid his hand upon his broad chest, took off his hat and waved it, or pressed his blue and yellow ribbons to his bosom, the crowd shouted, "Hurra! silence! bravo! Bayham for ever!" "They would have carried me in triumph," said F. B.; "if I had but the necessary qualification I might be member for Newcome this day or any other I chose."

I am afraid in this conduct of the Colonel's election Mr. Bayham resorted to acts of which his principal certainly would disapprove, and engaged auxiliaries whose alliance was scarcely creditable—Whose was the hand which flung the potato which struck Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., on the nose as he was haranguing the people from the Roebuck? How came it that whenever Sir Barnes and his friends essayed to speak, such an awful yelling and groaning took place in the crowd below, that the words of those feeble orators were inaudible? Who smashed all the front windows of the Roebuck? Colonel Newcome had not words to express his indignation at proceedings so unfair. When Sir Barnes and his staff were hustled in the market-place and most outrageously shoved, jeered, and jolted, the Colonel from the Kings' Arms organised a rapid sally, which he himself headed with his bamboo cane; cut out Sir Barnes and his followers from the hands of the mob and addressed those ruffians in a noble speech, of which the bamboo cane—Englishman—shame—fair-play, were the most emphatic expressions. The mob cheered Old Tom as they called him—they made way for Sir Barnes, who shrunk pale and shuddering back into his hotel again—who always persisted in saying that that old villain of a dragoon had planned both the assault and the rescue.

"When the dregs of the people—the scum of the rabble, sir, banded together by the myrmidons of Sir Barnes Newcome, attacked us at the King's Arms, and smashed ninety-six pounds' worth of glass

at one volley, besides knocking off the gold unicorn's head and the tail of the British lion; it was fine, sir," F. B. said, "to see how the Colonel came forward, and the coolness of the old boy in the midst of the action. He stood there in front, sir, with his old hat off, never so much as once bobbing his old head, and I think he spoke rather better under fire than he did when there was no danger. Between ourselves, he ain't much of a speaker, the old Colonel; he hems and hahs, and repeats himself a good deal. He hasn't the gift of natural eloquence which some men have, Pendennis. You should have heard my speech, sir, on the Thursday in the Town Hall—that was something like a speech. Potts was jealous of it, and always reported me most shamefully."

In spite of his respectful behaviour to the gentlemen in black coats, his soup tickets and his flannel tickets, his own pathetic lectures and his sedulous attendance at other folk's sermons, poor Barnes could not keep up his credit with the serious interest at Newcome, and the meeting-houses and their respective pastors and frequenters turned their backs upon him. The case against him was too flagrant: his enemy, the factory-man, worked it with an extraordinary skill, malice, and pertinacity. Not a single man, woman, or child in Newcome but was made acquainted with Sir Barnes's early peccadillo. Ribald ballads were howled through the streets describing his sin, and his deserved punishment. For very shame, the reverend dissenting gentlemen were obliged to refrain from voting for him; such as ventured, believing in the sincerity of his repentance, to give him their voices, were yelled away from the polling-places. A very great number who would have been his friends, were compelled to bow to decency and public opinion, and supported the Colonel.

Hooted away from the hustings, and the public places whence the rival candidates addressed the free and independent electors, this wretched and persecuted Sir Barnes invited his friends and supporters to meet him at the Athenæum Room—scene of his previous eloquent performances. But, though this apartment was defended by tickets, the people burst into it; and Nemesis in the shape of the persevering factory-man appeared, before the scared Sir Barnes and his puzzled committee. The man stood up and bearded the pale Baronet. He had a good cause, and was in truth a far better master of debate than our banking friend, being a great speaker amongst his brother operatives, by whom political questions are discussed, and the conduct of political men examined, with a ceaseless interest and with an ardour and eloquence which are often unknown in what is called superior society. This man and his friends round about him fiercely silenced the clamour of "turn him out," with which his first appearance was assailed by Sir Barnes's hangers-on. He said, in the name of justice he would speak up; if they were fathers of families and loved their wives and daughters he dared them to refuse him a hearing. Did they love their wives and their children? it was a shame that they should take such a man as that yonder for their representative in parliament. But the greatest sensation he made was when in the middle of his speech after inveighing

against Barnes's cruelty and parental ingratitude, he asked, "Where were Barnes's children," and actually thrust forward two, to the amazement of the committee and the ghastly astonishment of the guilty Baronet himself.

"Look at them," says the man: "they are almost in rags, they have to put up with scanty and hard food; contrast them with his other children, whom you see lording in gilt carriages, robed in purple and fine linen, and scattering mud from their wheels over us humble people as we walk the streets; ignorance and starvation is good enough for these, for those others nothing can be too fine or too dear. What can a factory girl expect from such a fine high-bred white-handed aristocratic gentleman as Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, but to be cajoled, and seduced, and deserted, and left to starve. When she has served my lord's pleasure, her natural fate is to be turned into the street; let her go and rot there, and her children beg in the gutter."

"This is the most shameful imposture," gasps out Sir Barnes; "these children are not—are not"—

The man interrupted him with a bitter laugh. "No," says he, "they are not his; that's true enough, friends. It's Tom Martin's girl and boy, a precious pair of lazy little scamps. But, at first he *thought* they were his children. See how much he knows about them! He hasn't seen his children for years; he would have left them, and their mother, to starve, and did, but for shame and fear. The old man, his father, pensioned them, and he hasn't the heart to stop their wages now. Men of Newcome, will you have this man to represent you in Parliament?" And the crowd roared out, no; and Barnes and his shame-faced committee slunk out of the place, and no wonder the dissenting clerical gentlemen were shy of voting for him.

A brilliant and picturesque diversion in Colonel Newcome's favour was due to the inventive genius of his faithful aide-de-camp, F. B. On the polling-day, as the carriages full of voters came up to the market-place, there appeared nigh to the booths an open barouche, covered all over with ribbon, and containing Frederick Bayham, Esq., profusely decorated with the Colonel's colours, and a very old woman and her female attendant, who were similarly ornamented. It was good old Mrs. Mason, who was pleased with the drive and the sunshine, though she scarcely understood the meaning of the turmoil, with her maid by her side, delighted to wear such ribbons, and sit in such a post of honour. Rising up in the carriage, F. B. took off his hat, bade his men of brass be silent, who were accustomed to bray "See the Conquering Hero comes," whenever the Colonel, or Mr. Bayham, his brilliant aide-de-camp, made their appearance;—bidding, we say, the musicians and the universe to be silent, F. B. rose, and made the citizens of Newcome a splendid speech. Good old unconscious Mrs. Mason was the theme of it, and the Colonel's virtues and faithful gratitude in tending her. She was his father's old friend. She was Sir Barnes Newcome's grandfather's old friend. She had lived for more than forty years at Sir Barnes Newcome's door, and how often

had he been to see her? Did he go every week? No. Every month? No. Every year? No. Never in the whole course of his life, had he set his foot into her doors! (Loud yells, and cries of shame.) Never had he done her one single act of kindness. Whereas for years and years past, when he was away in India, heroically fighting the battles of his country, when he was distinguishing himself at Assaye, and—and—Mulligatawny, and Seringapatam, in the hottest of the fight, and the fiercest of the danger, in the most terrible moment of the conflict, and the crowning glory of the victory, the good, the brave, the kind old Colonel,—why should he say Colonel? why should he not say Old Tom at once? (immense roars of applause) always remembered his dear old nurse and friend. Look at that shawl, boys, which she has got on! My belief is that Colonel Newcome took that shawl in single combat, and on horseback, from the prime minister of Tippoo Saib. Immense cheers and cries of "Bravo Bayham!" Look at that brooch the dear old thing wears! (he kissed her hand whilst so apostrophising her); Tom Newcome never brags about his military achievements, he is the most modest as well as the bravest man in the world; what if I were to tell you that he cut that brooch from the throat of an Indian rajah? He's man enough to do it (He is; he is; from all parts of the crowd). What, you want to take the horses out, do you? (to the crowd, who were removing those quadrupeds); I ain't a going to prevent you; I expected as much of you: Men of Newcome, I expected as much of you, for I know you! Sit still, old lady; don't be frightened, ma'am, they are only going to pull you to the King's Arms, and show you to the Colonel.

This, indeed, was the direction in which the mob (whether inflamed by spontaneous enthusiasm, or excited by cunning agents placed amongst the populace by F. B., I cannot say,) now took the barouche and its three occupants. With a myriad roar and shout the carriage was dragged up in front of the King's Arms, from the balconies of which a most satisfactory account of the polling was already placarded. The extra noise and shouting brought out the Colonel, who looked at first with curiosity at the advancing procession, and then, as he caught sight of Sarah Mason, with a blush and a bow of his kind old head.

"Look at him, boys!" cried the enraptured F. B., pointing up to the old man. "Look at him; the dear old boy! Isn't he an old trump? which will you have for your member, Barnes Newcome or Old Tom?"

And as might be supposed, an immense shout of "Old Tom!" arose from the multitude; in the midst of which, blushing and bowing still, the Colonel went back to his committee-room: and the bands played "See the Conquering Hero" louder than ever: and poor Barnes in the course of his duty having to come out upon his balcony at the Roebuck opposite, was saluted with a yell as vociferous as the cheer for the Colonel had been: and old Mrs. Mason asked what the noise was about: and after making several vain efforts, in dumb show, to the crowd, Barnes slunk back into his hole again as pale as the turnip which was

flung at his head : and the horses were brought ; and Mrs. Mason driven home ; and the day of election came to an end.

Reasons of personal gratitude as we have stated already, prevented his Highness the Prince de Moncontour from taking a part in this family contest. His brethren of the House of Higg, however, very much to Florac's gratification gave their second votes to Colonel Newcome, carrying with them a very great number of electors : we know that in the present parliament, Mr. Higg and Mr. Bunce sit for the Borough of Newcome. Having had monetary transactions with Sir Barnes Newcome, and entered largely into Railway speculations with him, the Messrs. Higg had found reason to quarrel with the Baronet ; accuse him of sharp practises to the present day, and have long stories to tell which do not concern us about Sir Barnes' stratagems—grasping and extortion. They and their following, deserting Sir Barnes, whom they had supported in previous elections, and voted for the Colonel, although some of the opinions of that gentleman were rather too extreme for such sober persons.

Not exactly knowing what his politics were when he commenced the canvass, I can't say to what opinions the poor Colonel did not find himself committed by the time when the election was over. The worthy gentleman felt himself not a little humiliated by what he had to say and to unsay, by having to answer questions, to submit to familiarities, to shake hands, which to say truth he did not care for grasping at all. His habits were aristocratic ; his education had been military ; the kindest and simplest soul alive, he yet disliked all familiarity, and expected from common people the sort of deference which he had received from his men in the regiment. The contest saddened and mortified him ; he felt that he was using wrong means to obtain an end that perhaps was not right (for so his secret conscience must have told him) ; he was derogating from his own honour in tampering with political opinions, submitting to familiarities, condescending to stand by whilst his agents solicited vulgar suffrages or uttered clap-traps about retrenchment and reform. "I felt I was wrong," he said to me in after days, "though *I* was too proud, to own my error in those times, and you and your good wife and my boy were right in protesting against that mad election." Indeed, though we little knew what events were speedily to happen, Laura and I felt very little satisfaction when the result of the Newcome election was made known to us, and we found Sir Barnes Newcome third, and Col. Thomas Newcome second upon the poll.

Ethel was absent with her children at Brighton. She was glad, she wrote, not to have been at home during the election. Mr. and Mrs. C. were at Brighton, too. Ethel had seen Mrs. C. and her child once or twice. It was a very fine child. "My brother came down to us," she wrote, "after all was over. He is furious against M. de Montcontour, who, he says, persuaded the Whigs to vote against him, and turned the election."

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On religious subjects especially we think it painfully evident, that there is not at present in this country any adequate organ for

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ON the 30th *June*, 1855, it is intended to publish the *First Number* of "**THE NATIONAL REVIEW**," a new QUARTERLY JOURNAL of GENERAL LITERATURE, POLITICS, and SOCIAL and RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY.

In originating such a Periodical the Conductors believe that they will supply a want long recognised, and every day more urgently felt by thousands of their thoughtful countrymen, who are unable to identify themselves with any one of the acknowledged parties in Church or State. It appears to us that there is no party, ecclesiastical or political, that is not manifestly embarrassed rather than sustained by its own watchwords and traditions. The established and conventional formulas of thought are confessedly inadequate to express the actual convictions of the time; and, though often liberally interpreted or questionably stretched to embrace the new conditions, this very accommodation virtually surrenders their essential life, and confesses the presence of younger energies and aspirations, which claim independent and original expression.

The effects of this have naturally been unfavourable to periodical literature. We are far from denying the excellent tone, taste, and temper, the great information, the high and available literary talent which characterize many of our leading periodicals: but we believe they suffer from the state of the parties of which they are the organs—they are marked by a want of steady adherence to ascertained principle, of coherent and strict deductions, of defined and searching discussion.

On religious subjects especially we think it painfully evident, that there is not at present in this country any adequate organ for

the expression and instruction of the many minds which are trying to combine with a habit of free enquiry, the faithful adherence to realized and definite truth. The very aim at comprehensive principles is not recognised in most quarters; and in others the feeling of reverence, and the real existence of objects for reverence, seem to be altogether disregarded.

The selection of our name is no accident. Having a rooted faith in all *indigenous* products of thought and feeling, we conceive that too foreign a cast has been imparted to the character of our Christianity by the historical accidents of its introduction into this country. Neither Catholicism nor Protestantism is the growth of English soil; and probably not till Christian truth has shaped itself afresh under the home conditions of affection and character, will the religious *malaise* of our society cease. The NATIONAL REVIEW will interpret, it is believed, the deliberate faith of most cultivated English laymen, however now scattered among different churches,—a faith that fears no reality, and will permanently endure no fiction. No one who recognises in Historic Christianity God's highest witness and revelation, can suppose that the world and the human mind are, or ever were, abandoned by their Divine and living guide; and we believe that to ignore or to disown the traces of His agency in the excellence and truth of every age, is not piety, but treason to His spirit. To preserve, in our treatment of philosophical or historical theology, the tone of reverence which is due to the earnest convictions of others, will be to us no artificial self-restraint, but the expression of natural disposition. With two things only, in this relation, we profess to keep no terms,—the conceited Indifferentism, which, as its humour changes, pets or persecutes all faiths alike; and the insolent Dogmatism which treats eternal truth as a private and exclusive property. Believing that in this country, amid all the clamour of sects, the Religion of widest range and deepest seat is as yet without a voice or name, we aspire, in this department of our work, to help it into adequate expression.

As Englishmen, we place unbounded confidence in the bases of English character,—its moderation and veracity; its firm hold on reality; its reverence for law and right; its historical tenacity; its aversion to *à priori* politics, and to revolutions generated out of speculative data.

We think, however, that even here there is room for a more constant reference to general principle than is now usual in this country. Many of our most influential organs seem to us to wander into discussions of business and detail, which may be useful in the narrow circles of official and merely political society, but are scarcely suited to the perusal of thoughtful and able men in the country at large, whose occupations prevent their following the minutiae of transitory discussion, but who wish to be guided to general conclusions on important topics, and whose incalculable influence on public opinion makes it most important to give them the means of arriving at just conclusions.

We conceive the office of theory in such matters not to be, as was once thought, the elaborate construction of paper constitutions for all ages and all countries; but rather to ascertain and clearly define the conditions under which the various national characters and institutions have developed themselves; and to deduce, if possible, with fulness and sequence the rationale of the suitability of each polity to its appropriate nation. We would neither confine our political sympathies at home, nor carry our political doctrines ruthlessly and indiscriminately abroad. We feel no vocation for any sort of cosmopolitan propagandism, which would merge the distinctions of Race in the common features of Humanity; and would assume that what is good for us must be good for all, without regard to intrinsic character or historic antecedents. But we *do* acknowledge and will enforce those mutual claims of sympathy and duty between nations which no division of the great human family can guiltlessly evade, believing that the virtue and well-being of States is forfeited, not fostered, by selfish exclusiveness, as surely as the egotist, most studious of his own happiness, finds it soonest waste away. The present exciting crisis may not be the most favourable for the prosecution of internal reforms; but the prospect of European danger, and the appeal to all classes for noble sacrifices, which have done so much to sweep away the dissensions of sect and party, and to make the whole Empire conscious once more of the pulsation of a common heart, have, we think, created a conjuncture pre-eminently favourable to the ripening of national sentiment, and the abatement of artificial divisions; and a survey of our institutions and relations, while the dominant temper is thus genial and generous, may prepare a body of opinion uncorrupted by narrow prejudices or selfish claims.

For the working classes we confidently anticipate a social condition far in advance of their present state; we have earnestly at heart the people's happiness and the people's elevation; but we shall not allow our warm sympathies and earnest wishes in this direction to betray us into any faithless compromise of the principles of economic science.

Our object in literature will be analogous to our aim in politics. We wish as before to secure a more constant reference to ascertained principle than we think is now common; but, at the same time, we shall not try to apply arbitrary canons to all writers and all ages, but rather to examine and describe the real features of great literary nations and writers, and explain the manner in which the genius and circumstances of each have influenced the works they have bequeathed to us.

In two points, moreover, it will be our endeavour to avoid errors which have been much and justly complained of in the conduct of other Quarterly Organs. We purpose to study brevity on all topics which will not justify length—and to give to the lighter departments of Literature that share to which they are fairly entitled in a periodical which aspires to please and aid the general reader, as well as to interest the studious one.

Like most other Quarterly Journals, the "NATIONAL REVIEW" will not be able to find room for more than a selection from the works which from time to time appear. We must endeavour to excel by making that selection judicious. We shall, however, endeavour to give a systematic summary of the new publications on topics insufficiently noticed by the daily and weekly journals—especially Theology and Mental and Political Philosophy. We shall likewise give a list of the books appearing in each quarter which seem suitable for reading Societies, and are most likely to interest the general reader.

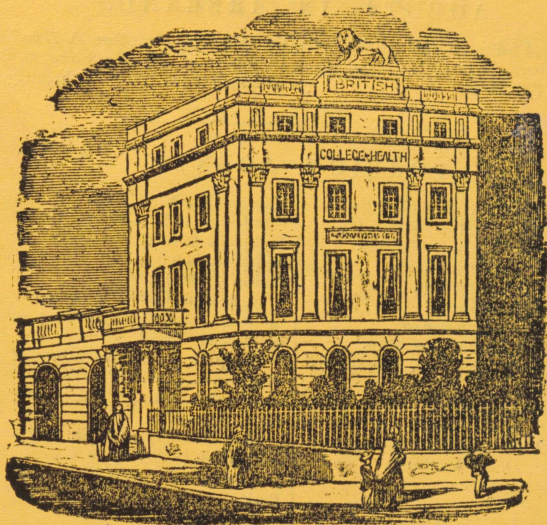
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